

Life

DECEMBER 13, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



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*A Christmas
Plum Pudding
and from
DEAN'S*



PRITHEE, gentle lady, hast known that for four and eighty years New York's fairest and gayest have seen to it that their Christmas Plum Puddings and their Christmas Cakes come from Dean's? Alas, you really must order early now. New York's old and new families of consequence feel that nothing but Dean's, in the way of plum puddings and cakes, really expresses Christmas. Why? There just are no other Plum Puddings and Christmas Cakes like Dean's.

Prices on request

Orders of Three Dollars or more
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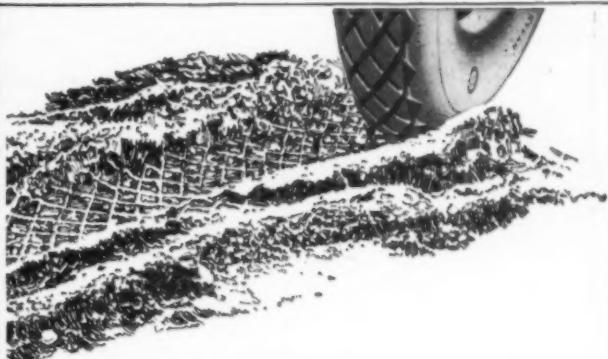
628
Fifth Avenue

Dean's

Established 1839

New York
City

THEN YOUR CAR IS SHOD WITH SAFETY



TAKE the time to examine the Goodyear All-Weather Tread; it tells its own story.

Its unusual thickness, and the extraordinarily dense and tough material of which it is made, assure extremely long wear.

Its deep-channelled symmetrical pattern, the big wedgelike keen-edged blocks that stud its design, attest its matchless gripping-power.

Its beveled outer edges, and the reinforcement at the base of its blocks, explain its quiet and vibrationless running.

Even more eloquent of the slipless, skidless service of the All-Weather Tread is the impress it leaves on the roadway.

There, clean-cut and unmistakable, it stamps the record of its reliable and sure-footed travel.

There, ridged and notched in the earth, is seen how this great tread clutches and clings, digging through for solid footing and security.

How it grips fast for traction under the drive of the engine, and hangs on for safety under the pressure of the brake.

You ought to have the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire with the All-Weather Tread; it costs less in the end.

With such equipment, you can drive your car this winter in the confidence that it is shod with safety.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOOD  **YEAR**

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Women vs. men! If the average woman takes more steps every day than the average man, the masculine foot walks *harder*. Since hosiery must now of necessity be raiment of elegance, it is equally imperative that it also possess great wearability. Sturdiness! Phoenix has become the standard hosiery of the world for men, women and children, because of the elegance it furnishes over long and strenuous miles. Its masculine and feminine hosiery are alike in their ability to resist wear.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



Life



Polite Costumer: OH, YES, YOU ARE EXACTLY OF THE PERIOD.

A Canticle of Christmas, 1923

CHRISTMAS is short,
With its joys growing shorter.
Wassail! Wassail! Drink nothing but water.

Away with your pipe
Or Health Leagues will snipe it.
Don't read a book; Vice Leagues might dislike it.

When buying your goose,
For its vitamines choose it.
Holly has none, so be sure you don't use it.

There's just one act
Where freedom intact is.
Merrily still you may pay Christmas taxes.

Ruth Lambert Jones.



James M. Beck

Solicitor-General of the United States

THE tale is told of James M. Beck
That once, in England, he did deck
His temples with a snowy wig,
In which his act went over—big.

Then to his native shore he turned.
But do not think the wig was burned.
Ah, no! He overlooks no chances.
But wears it still—at fancy dances.

G. S. C.

Degrees of Dumbness

P. H. D.—(Phenomenally Dumb.)

Telephone operators—Admirers of banana songs—
Train callers—Mulish husbands—Sentimental wives—Trolley-car conductors—Automobilists who drive in front of moving trains—Patrons of fortune-tellers.

D. D.—(Decidedly Dumb.)

Movie stars—Bathers who wear diamonds into the water—
Graduates of fashionable finishing schools—Admirers of Harold Bell Wright—Audible readers of movie captions—
Swedish house-maids—Men who believe everything a woman says—Women who believe everything a man says.

M. D.—(Moderately Dumb.)

Scenario writers—Plumbers—Vaudeville actors—Café waitresses—Hummers of tunes at musical plays—Beginners at bridge—Amateur John Barrymores—Cake eaters.

LL. D.—(Lacking Literal Dumbness.)

Prohibition officers—Sheiks—Professional ballroom dancers—Lounge lizards—Jazz hounds—Absent-minded dinner partners—Professional beauties—Movie audiences.

Harvey Peake.

The New-Voes Are Giving a Little Theatre Party

THE New-Voes are giving a little theatre party.

Are you going?

They've invited a few friends.

Just enough to fill the theatre.

They are taking them all in their caravan of Rolls-Royces.

And they will arrive during the end of the first act.
Or during the middle of the second.

There will be favors in all the seats.

Simple little favors.

Trifles in jade and platinum.

Sprinklings of sapphires and diamonds.

Afterward, they are taking their guests to that new supper restaurant, "The Hot Stuff Club."

Of course, they've reserved every table there.

And engaged two additional bands.

It will be a quiet affair.

The New-Voes are giving a little theatre party.

Are you going?

C. G. S.



Daughter: PLEASE GO AWAY, MOTHER. I'M MAKING BELIEVE I'M YOU, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS.

Hints for Our Native Southerners

What They Should Do Before the Winter Tourist Comes

1. TEACH all negroes to call all white men "boss."
2. Learn to drink liquor only in mint juleps.
3. Find out what is meant by term, "old plantation melodies," and memorize words and air of at least one.
4. Discover, if it can be done upon such short notice, a bald negro with a fringe of snow-white hair.
5. Learn what is expected of you to justify term, "Southern hospitality."
6. Start immediately growing white mustache and goatee.
7. Let each family come to an agreement now as to battles of Civil War in which grandfather received wounds.
8. Train negro servants in following points:
 - (a) (negro men) Answer only to Biblical names, preferably Moses, Abraham, Daniel and Ezekiel.
 - (b) (negro women) Wear at all times red bandanna handkerchief round head.
9. Decide now where old family plantation was located before Sherman burned it.
10. Practice saying "reck'n" and "y' all" until it can be done subconsciously.
11. If possible, find out what is meant by term, "Southern chivalry."
12. Procure broad-brimmed, black hat and long coat; if these can't be obtained in South, order them from New York.

B. F.

SO your boy is going to be an architect?"

"Yep. He says he likes to sharpen pencils."



*Kindly Old Party: BLESS MY SOUL! WHAT ARE THOSE BOYS FIGHTING ABOUT?
Urchin Bystander: TO FIND OUT.*



The Well-bred Child: SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME.

Retired

A BROKEN-DOWN figure of speech knocked at the door of the Old Similes' Home and begged admission as a permanent guest.

It was "like hot cakes." His day was over.
Things were selling "like hot dogs."



Santa Claus Bug: SOME FOLKS CERTAINLY HAVE THEIR NERVE WITH THEM THESE DAYS. NOW, HERE'S JIMMY CENTIPEDE HANGING HIS STOCKINGS ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES, AND AS FAR AS I CAN SEE EXPECTING ABOUT SIX MILES OF PRESENTS.

Page Mr. Gridley!

IF some one will kindly page Mr. Gridley, I can give him a job that will keep him busy and happy for years. Here! Little boy down in front, the one without a handkerchief! I'll let you page him. You know him, don't you? He's the kind gentleman who always fires when ready.

Of New York's population, I shall ask Mr. Gridley to shoot about four million. I shall spare the floating population, because I'm not quite sure what it is. I have paced our busy streets for years, and never yet have I seen any one float. But these four million are the people who, in the past three years, have remarked within my hearing that they have a great idea for a play, or a movie, or a popular song.

I once wrote a song myself. And by gum, it was published. But my life has been a horror ever since. For not only has it failed to make me as rich as Irving Berlin—my royalties for the

year were just sixty-six cents, to be exact—but it has laid me open to the bitter attack of scores of people, some of them total strangers, who have told me they had great ideas for songs if only some kind soul like me would help them to write them.

I once spoke a few lines in a high tenor voice in a play on the well-known Broadway. But since then I have not dared enter my club, because at least a hundred otherwise sane and pleasant people are waiting to tell me some fool adventure or idea that should make a splendid plot for a play if only some one would help write it.

I once admitted in an unguarded moment that I had met a famous movie star at a dinner. I stated flatly that I had merely met her, and that my name had apparently been to her either *Say* or *You*. But what was my fate? People buttonholed me for weeks, saying that they'd heard I was a friend

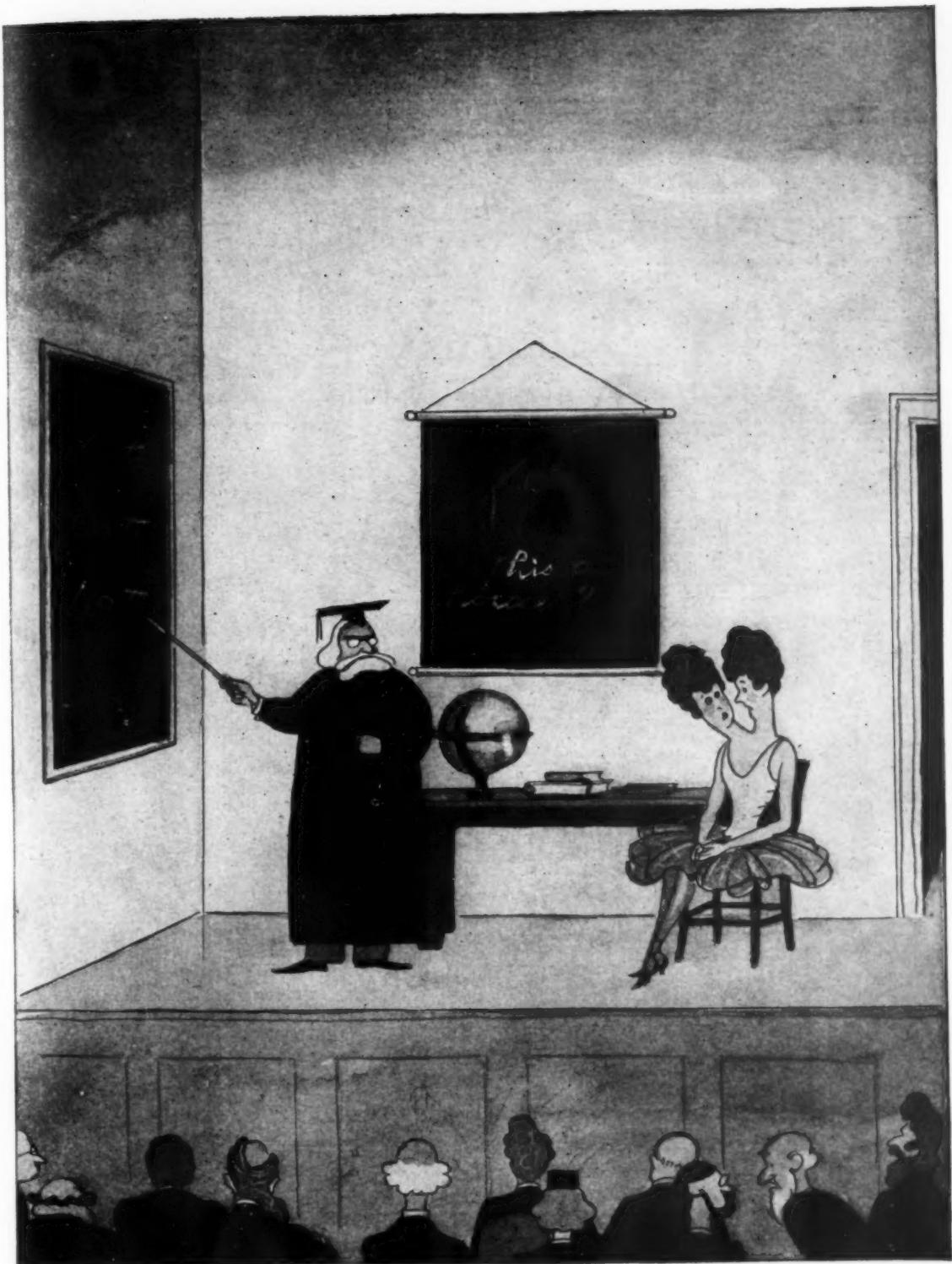
of Miss Hoopus-hoops and that they had some great scenario ideas for her.

When I, a mere unknown, have to suffer such indignities, the general state of affairs must be terrible. Most of us admit that the popular songs and movies and plays seldom show great originality; but the birds who have ideas for all these things and never write them aren't going to raise the general standards any. And just think how much worse it might be if they *did* write them. That's a horrible thought! I hope Mr. Gridley shows up before any of them try it.

James Dyrenforth.

The Six Best Sellers

BOOTLEG liquor.
Ford cars.
Fake antiques.
Subway tickets.
Oil stocks.
"Abie's Irish Rose."



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT "TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."



"HERE IS YOUR TOWEL, AUNT MARGARET—AND HERE IS THE BRUSH—AND SCRUB YOUR KNEES HARD."



A MATTER OF TASTE

Butcher: YOU KNOW, MRS. MURPHY, I'D GIVE YOU ANYTHING IN THE SHOP.
"I KNOW YEZ WOULD, BUT YEZ WON'T GIT AWAY WID IT."

Christmas Bells

*B*ELLS are Christmas, ringing glad
Greetings to each maid and lad.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!
That is the free-verse version of the telephone,
Shrilly insistent;
And a voice:
"Is this Forlorn nei-un—foe-er—th-r-r-ee—nei-un?
No? 'Scuseitplease!"

Grr-r-r—Grr-r-r—Grr-r-r!
And so on, and on, and on,
Indicating the dumbwaiter buzzer tuning in
On every available wave length,
With a gruff warning climbing the shaft:
"The superintendent told me to tell you
They won't be no garbage collected to-day.
Merry Christmas!"

Clang-clang! Clang-clang! Clang-clang!
The fire engines!
Heavens and whatever antonym springs to mind;
They've stopped outside.
And a familiar voice in a familiar tone:
"I told you, dear, to be more careful
About the candles on that tree."

*Bells are Christmas, ringing glad,
If they fail to drive you mad.*

James K. McGuinness.

The Man With the Different Eyes

THERE once was a man with two entirely individual and different eyes. One of his eyes was brown and soft and tender; the other was green and fiery and balefully glittering. The right eye saw naught but good; the left naught but evil; and whosoever was gazed on intently by the latter sickened, withered, and presently died.

So it was that when the Man with the Different Eyes finally came to fall in love and go a-courting, he hung over his left eye a purple patch. Powerful was his right eye, unhindered now by the malignant influence of its wicked brother. Powerful would be the lady who could resist the sweetly tender insistence of its gaze; and this particular damsel upon whom the eye lighted longingly was all too ready to be won by

him of the beautiful marble-pallid face. him of the whimsical purple patch.

"Lift me the patch," she said to him one day. "You say the sight of your left eye is perfect. Lift me the patch, then." And her hand went to his face.

Silently, firmly, he put her hand away. She gave a little timorous laugh.

"Is it that you would be too beautiful with both of your eyes—too like an angel? Ah, if you create havoc now with the glance of but one eye, what havoc would you work with two!" She sighed softly. Still silent, he took her to his arms, while a tear trickled down his right cheek.

That night, as he walked home, he swore a great oath that never should she know the maleficent stare of his Evil Eye. . . .

Months passed. The two were married. Very devoted was he to her; very devoted was she to him, her devotion prevailing even over her curiosity.

But a woman is a woman; and at length, one night while he was gently slumbering, she came to gaze upon the patch wistfully, and an uncontrollable itching took possession of her fingers.

Lightly she lifted the patch.

"Deceiver!" she cried, as she beheld—not an eye resting reposefully under its lid, but a horrid gaping socket.

"Deceiver!" she repeated; then bitterly she burst into tears.

Cyril B. Egan.

MOTHER: But what enjoyment do you obtain from smoking?

DAUGHTER: The effect on others.



WHY AUCTION PLAYERS GO MAD

Apt Pupil (at the conclusion of a ten-lesson course in advanced Auction): I'M SURE YOU'VE MADE EVERYTHING WONDERFULLY CLEAR, PROFESSOR, BUT DO YOU THINK THE RED OR THE BLACK SUITS ARE THE BEST ON WHICH TO MAKE AN ORIGINAL BID?

*It seems strange
not to have
a Christmas card
from Sam
this year*



Shall Holiday Greetings Be Regulated?

By *Don Herold*

THE sending of Christmas greetings is a custom out of which the public seems to be getting too much pleasure, and one which is a distinct nuisance to the Post Office Department; therefore, for these two reasons, it is quite possible that the government will take steps the coming year to establish restrictions on the sending of these annual messages of good cheer.

The plan now under discussion is that each person intending to send a Christmas greeting to another person shall make application in the preceding July or August for a government permit to send such greeting. One of these applications must be made out for each greeting to be mailed, and you will have to give a lot of mighty good reasons or you will not get a permit. Of course, if you are denied a permit in any particular instance, it will be possible to make an appeal and fight the matter out with the government and perhaps get to send your holiday greeting five or six years later. The whole arrangement oughtn't to make more than six or eight times as much mail as the present volume of holiday greeting mail, but it will scatter the bother out over the entire year, and should do nothing worse than completely wreck the Post Office Department, which is not much good anyway.

You will be required to file, for each greeting you plan to mail, a "Holiday Greeting Intention Card and Request for Permission to Transmit in the United States Mails." August 15 will probably be the deadline for filing.

Blanks for these reports may be ob-

tained from branches of the government's Department of Holiday Greetings in the large cities, perhaps. At any rate, they will be hard to get.

At the top you will have to declare your friendship for the intended recipient of your greeting, before a notary public. No exchange of greetings between mere casual friends will be allowed. You must not merely think you have a friendly attitude towards the party of the second part—you must have proof.

Here are some typical questions which are apt to be asked:

"Has the party of the second part sent you holiday greetings for at least seven consecutive years?"

"Were you at one time sweethearts?"
"Have you loaned money to, or borrowed from, party of the second part?"
"Has he named any of his children after you?"

"Have you ever had ptomaine or other poisoning with the party of the second part from the same dish or bottle?"

"Would it be possible for your so-called friendship to go on if you were denied permission to send him the Holiday Greeting for which this application for mailing permit is made?" (Be careful how you answer this question. The government will stand for no foolishness, and will allow no greeting to be sent unless it will positively mean the culmination of a beautiful friendship.)

"What sentiment do you intend to express on greeting, if any?"

The government will come around and check over all your Christmas cards, sometime within twenty or thirty years after you receive them, to make sure that permits were issued for all of them at the other end of the line.

Thus will another of life's gayeties be roped off with red tape by our morbidly paternal Uncle Sam.

Still, Holiday Greetings do trash up the house to beat the band.

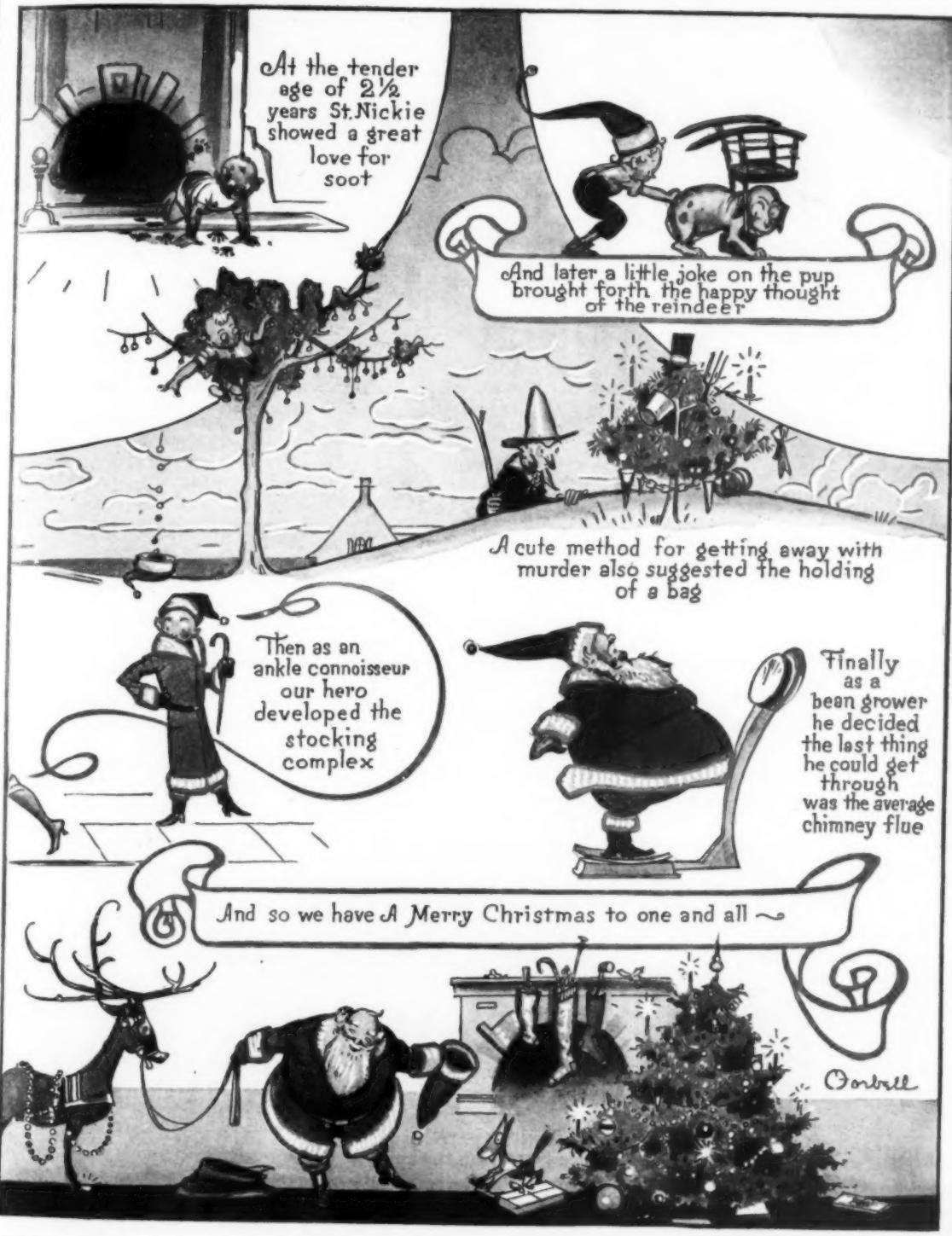
Environment

"WHAT makes him so narrow-minded?"

"He was raised in a New York apartment house."



"WHAT IS YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CONVENTIONS, COLONEL GLUBB?"
The Colonel: OH, I QUIT GOIN' TO 'EM SINCE PROHIBITION, MISS—YOU RUN TOO BIG A CHANCE OF GETTIN' POISONED.



THE OUTLINE OF SANTA CLAUS



"BRIDGET, WHEN THE P'LICEMAN COMES THIS EVENING, WILL YOU LET ME SIT ON HIS KNEE FIRST?"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 6th Up betimes, reminding Samuel of our guests for dinner, whereupon he quoth, Is it a party?

and when I asked his meaning, responded, Well, a lace tablecloth and chestnuts in the Brussels sprouts —that sort of thing. . . . A letter by the first post from S. L. Fisher, vice-president of an Ohio brass foundry, who, reading of my desire for a spigot emitting hot and cold water simultaneously, pledges himself to send me one so that I may have naught left to desire. But Lord! I have now bethought me of a second wish, through having knocked over the clock and water bottle in putting out my bedlight, and it is for a cord-extinguisher by my pillow, such as they have in Paris. So I set it down in hope that Mr. Edison may hear of it. . . . Eight of us at dinner, very merry, and Nate Kendall overturned his claret on the cloth, and I did assure him it was naught, albeit I longed to have the kettle brought in and boiling water poured straightway through the stain, but such a proceeding seemed unsuitable whilst we were in the midst of the salad course.

December 7th All the morning gone in addressing Christmas cards until Inez Anderson came for luncheon

with me, and she did tell me how she and her spouse had dined the preceding night with a girl from their village who had married millions, and had expected naught less than vintage champagne, but that the damsel, leaning backwards not to appear ostentatious and nouveau, had provided them with one weak cocktail. And we fell

a-talking of the pomp and trappings of this world, which I have a weakness for in spite of my simple nature, and how American it would be to bring up young females on the possibility of becoming the President's wife, but Lord! I see naught in that achievement beyond posing for innumerable unflattering photographs and lending one's name to a prize rose or chrysanthemum. . . . It is now a week since Sam purchased my Christmas gift, and in spite of many manœuvres I have not yet learned what it is.

December 8th Off at midday to a bootery to have my new slippers eased, and thence to my husband's law chambers, where I found Hewitt Howland, the Indianapolis publisher, and his wife Maney, and we all in great good spirits to the Ritz for luncheon. Why do we not have any real sole in this country? asked Sam, commenting on the inn's honesty in advertising flounder as such. It would seem our only recourse is to import a pair and toss them into the Hudson. Yes; two soles with but a single thought, responded Hewitt. And I did order Cœur à la Crème for dessert, albeit I should have had better sense, God knows. Thence to the playhouse to see "The Swan," highly diverting and well put on, nor did it seem credible that we wore such raiment in 1913. The others hilarious over the automatic precision of the flunkeys in the supper scene, but Lord! I beheld it with tears in my eyes, it being the kind of service of which I dream.

Baird Leonard.

Life Lines

SAYS Will H. Hays, who is in a position to know, "We are selling America to the world through the film."

On a strictly commission basis, of course.

JI

We imagine that Santa Claus will be a bit nervous when he approaches Dempsey's big sock.

JI

The most popular pastime in Congress these days is a game called "Rolling the Bonus."

JI

Judging from the direction in which he was last seen traveling, the ex-Crown Prince has definitely abandoned his plan to eat Christmas dinner in Paris.

JI

Since the ex-Crown Prince's coup, the island of Wieringen has retired into obscurity—apparently well satisfied with its end of the bargain.

JI

Israel Zangwill seems to imply that we ought to go back to the old-fashioned razor. He should ask the man who hones one.

JI

The automobile, says President Coolidge, has provided the country with a greatly improved method of human contact: According to several of our pedestrians, however, this contact may easily be overdone.



Fair Customer: HAVE YOU A CAR THAT WILL MATCH THIS PIECE OF MATERIAL?

Doubtless Mr. Mellon wants to be remembered as the man who put the ax in tax.

JI

The Society of Psychical Research recently held a banquet in London, the chief dish being, of course, roast beef—medium.

JI

The crime wave in New York is all over but the shooting.



Lodge Member: AH! THAT'LL MAKE A WATCH FOB THAT IS A WATCH FOB.

In a Restaurant

A HEADWAITER was wondering how large a tip he was going to collect from the young man with the blond mustache.

The young man with the blond mustache was wondering if he possessed sufficient funds to pay the bill.

The young woman with the young man with the blond mustache was wondering why she liked him.

A middle-aged man with a large nose and horn-rimmed glasses was wondering if the young woman was married to the young man with the blond mustache.

A red-haired, thick-lipped flapper was wondering where the young woman with the young man with the blond mustache had purchased her hat.

An aged fellow in the corner was wondering how long it had been since he had slightly resembled the young man with the blond mustache.

An extremely devoted couple at the next table, who had been there for hours, were not paying the slightest attention to either the young woman or the young man with the blond mustache.

C. G. S.

SANTA CLAUS is the only man who pays any attention to silk stockings when there is nothing in them.



DECEMBER 13, 1923

VOL. 82. 2145

"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
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THE great world problem nowadays seems to be to keep the members of the human race from overrunning the earth's capacity to feed and house them. Malthus in his day calculated that the end was in sight; that populations were outrunning the possibility of food supply, and that mankind was in for a bad time. Then came along the industrial civilization, bringing machines, improved agriculture, and successive improvements in transportation of all kinds, so that Earth produced more, and vast supplies could be moved from the agricultural to the industrial countries.

And then what happened? Population moved steadily up to match the new provisions for its support. In countries like India where it had been kept down by frequent famines, it increased enormously, doubled perhaps, after the British came and put in new methods of production and distribution. In Germany, England and Japan the same thing happened. And now in all these countries the problem is to feed and keep the people whom industrial development has brought into the world, and provide for their increase.

It is quite a problem. Who can see the end of it? Henry Ford might multiply machines, increase production, improve both agriculture and transportation, make cheaper nitrates, and all that. Well, what would be the upshot of that? More means for the people who are now alive? Perhaps so for a time, but in the end, and not far off, merely more people to feed and clothe and ride around, and teach and govern and keep in health and otherwise regulate according to current standards.

Now then, in Europe the war, which

was at the bottom a competition for markets brought on by development of the industrial civilization, threw a wrench into the industrial machine, a wrench that is still an obstacle to the working of that machine in Europe, and which France for reasons comprehensible enough objects at present to having removed. France feels that if the German branch of the industrial machine gets going again, she will be ground up in it, so she is taking military precautions the best she can against that occurrence. It may be that the human race does better when it is on the brink of destruction and is struggling hard to avert it, but it does seem as though its great present need was the discovery of some influence or force that would restrain the numbers of men and so improve their quality. What that force is to be and whence derived is not yet apparent, but possibly it has already arrived and is working unadvertised on its job, and as the calculations of Malthus failed to connect, so may current forebodings of disaster.

But as it is, the nations seem to be heading helplessly towards another big war. Nobody wants to fight but neither does anybody want to starve, and if it is a choice between starving and fighting, there will be fighting.



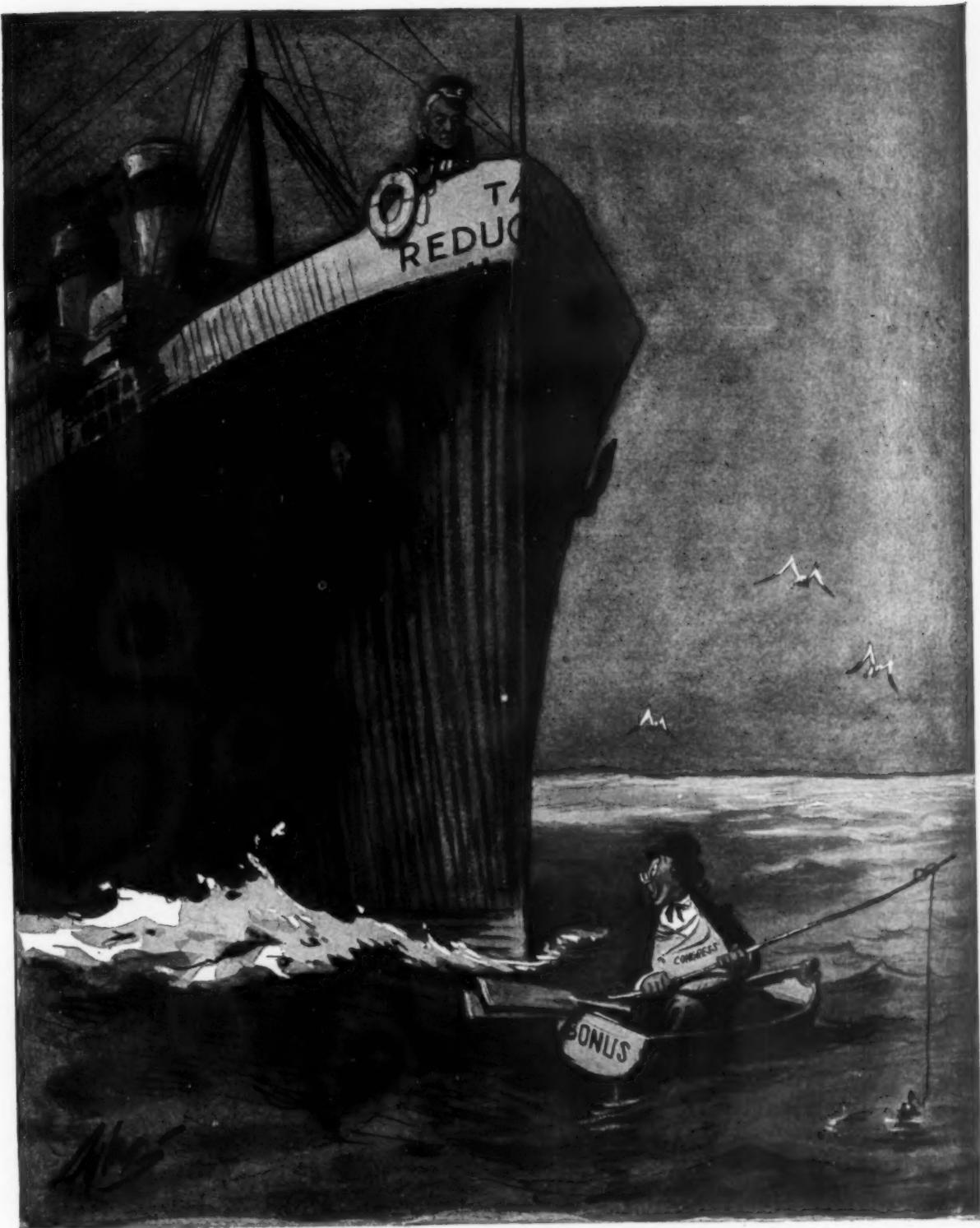
THE papers hereabouts are full of discussion of the Craig-Mayer episode, and print so much about it and talk so much about it that a little explanation of their excitement may be

timely. When the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Railroad went into a receivership, Judge Mayer appointed a receiver. That he did in the ordinary course of business, appointing Mr. Garrison, who had been Secretary of War in the first Wilson administration. Mr. Craig thought the city ought to be represented in the receivership; wanted possibly to be himself appointed a receiver. Judge Mayer did not think so and would not do what Mr. Craig wished. Mr. Craig is a capable and enthusiastic public servant, but an habitual user on occasion of bellicose language. He has had very violent controversies with Mayor Hylan and the scolding back and forth between them has at times been very noisy. He was not suited with Judge Mayer's action and complained of it in a letter to some one, which was printed in the papers. He said it had resulted in the suppression of evidence which it was to the interest of the city to have disclosed. His language about it was moderate compared with his language at times to Mayor Hylan, but Judge Mayer saw contempt of court in it and ordered him to jail for sixty days on that ground. Then he could have appealed to the Appellate Court to see if Judge Mayer's action was justified, but he did not do that, possibly because he had no real case and could not make good the charges in his letter. What he did was to go to another Federal judge and get a writ and have Judge Mayer's order vacated, but that action went to a higher court for examination, and the higher court in due time said it would not do, and that Mr. Craig would have to go to jail. Then began the outcries and the newspapers began to take an interest.

But why? Are they so greatly concerned for Mr. Craig? Probably not. They are concerned for the protection of free speech, especially in newspapers, and they are afraid that if Judge Mayer can send a man to jail for talking about him out of court, some other judge may soon be locking up newspaper editors and publishers for the same sort of offense. They would not like that. No! No!

That is why it is an interesting and important case. Judge Mayer is an able and valuable judge. Nobody seems to deny that. The outcry against his action is not personal, it is concerned with the effect of his action on free speech.

E. S. Martin.



THE RIGHT OF WAY

LIFE



The Vanishing
Interesting Survival of an Old Social Custom

LIFE



The Vanishing Sex

Official Custom of Asking Husbands to Dinner-Parties



Is There a Santa Claus?

UNFORTUNATELY, "Meet the Wife" challenges comparison with "The Torch Bearers" at every turn, and, as far as we are concerned, comes out a very bad fourth. Taken by itself, without reference to its producers' earlier venture, it might have been amusing. And Mary Boland, had we not still been blinded by her gorgeousness in "The Torch Bearers," might have caused us to laugh as heartily as every one else seemed to be laughing. As it was, we felt as if an old friend had suddenly turned out to be a detective from Scotland Yard.

Certainly the Mary Boland who in this play takes almost every comedy speech for a coloratura ride up and down the scale, ending up with a gasp for breath, is not the same Mary Boland who appeared at the end of the second act of "The Torch Bearers" and said, quietly but with a vague alertness, "There's something the matter with the curtain!" We should have stopped going to the theatre after that second-act curtain of "The Torch Bearers."



THERE certainly is no reason why Berton Churchill should have to gasp for breath after reading any of his lines as *Robert E. Lee*. Whether he be dancing the waltz at his home in Arlington or directing the action at Malvern Hill with bombs bursting off-stage directly in front of him, his pace and tone are practically identical. "Moderate" would be a good word to use to describe them, if if were not so colorful.

Mr. Churchill probably has good authority for making *Lee* a static personality. He certainly creates an impressive pictorial illusion when he has donned his white beard and the well-known Lee campaign-fedora. Most of the emotional work in Drinkwater's play, however, falls to Alfred Lunt, and very fortunate it is for the play, too.

We are always easy prey for any drama or story dealing with the Civil War. Once a Confederate soldier comes galloping on with dispatches, and announces that Early has attacked on the left and that Beauregard is bringing up his division to hold the bridge, we are thrown into such a state of excitement that we will accept anything in the way of drama short of Jefferson Davis announcing that he is going to have a baby. Having been born and brought up in Massachusetts, the Confederacy has always been a tremendously

thrilling thing to us. Consequently, we were in a state of emotional upheaval at "Robert E. Lee" which had nothing to do with its technical qualities as a play.



AND speaking of emotional upheavals, we were so depressed at the matinee of "The Failures" that we couldn't eat any dinner. Oh, well, maybe a little soup and an entrée, but nothing to speak of. After fourteen scenes of unalloyed misery, when a murder and suicide in the final scene came under the head of a happy ending, we were convinced that this sort of fate was about all that we personally had to look forward to and decided to give up shaving and just drift until the blow fell.

This was probably due to the play's having been so well done, and we are not saying that we didn't enjoy it immensely. "The Failures" is distinctly worth seeing, if you care for things that are worth seeing. Ben Ami and Winifred Lenihan, as the two chief failures, have much to do with the deep-cutting power of the play. Remembering Mr. Ben Ami's sadistic performance in "The Idle Inn," when he pounded and manhandled the poor guests at the wedding party, we were rather on edge for fear that he might bite Miss Lenihan, and at times we thought that we detected a slightly apprehensive look in her eyes, too. Playing opposite him must be something of a nervous experience, and we shouldn't be surprised (or displeased) some day to see a wounded colleague come back at him with a good clout over the bridge of the nose. But Miss Lenihan escaped injury at the particular performance that we saw. Which was well, as she presented too classically beautiful a picture to admit of any rough work even in the interests of Art.



ALTHOUGH it comes as much under the head of literature as of acting, this department must go on record as feverishly endorsing Miss Ruth Draper's monologue entitled "A Children's Party in Philadelphia." In all calmness, we have never seen on the stage any more delightful bit of characterization or read in any book a passage of more accurate observation. And this comes from one who, in the past, has been fairly well able to take Miss Draper's monologues or leave them alone.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Chains. *Playhouse*—A serious contemplation of the problem of—pardon us—illegitimacy, its cause and treatment.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Will reopen next week, when Mr. Hampden's ankle is better. Don't miss it.

The Dancers. *Ambassador*—Richard Bennett in good theatrical fare.

The Failures. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

Hamlet. *Manhattan Opera House*—Last week of John Barrymore's notable performance.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *Belasco*—To be reviewed next week.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed both sinning and sinned against.

Out of the Seven Seas. *Frasze*—Regulation drama of dope and destruction.

Pelleas and Melisande. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

Queen Victoria. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Incidents in the life of England's roundest queen, effectively portrayed, with Beryl Mercer in the title rôle.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Still in the lead.

Robert E. Lee. *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

Scaramouche. *Morosco*—An elaborate return to the old romantic stuff which doesn't quite click.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—A stagy play of wartime Paris.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—Excellent backwoods drama.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Good American drama, involving middle-class sinning.

Time. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

White Cargo. *Greenwich Village*—Descending into hell via the tropics.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abe's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Judging from the thousands who see and like this play, Henry Ford has a good chance of being our next president.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Very pleasant British fooling, with Cyril Maude.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—Smart comedy, with a cast which includes Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Blanche Bates, Laura Hope Crews, Geoffrey Kerr and Reginald Mason.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Home stuff.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge, with eight lumps of sugar.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Nony and hilarious farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

Sancho Panza. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—An excellent cast, including Estelle Winwood, Violet Hensong, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews, in entertaining dirt.

The Swan. *Cort*—A good all-around comedy, with Eva Le Gallienne and splendid support.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in rough-and-tumble.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—For men only.

Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Rather pleasant music and a fairly good show.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Contains some of the best specialties in town.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—A one-tune show.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—Chiefly Mitzi.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Lots of scenery and costumes, Irving Berlin's music, and Frank Tinney.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

Poppy. *Apollo*—W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy justly starred.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—The best, and only, Negro show in town.

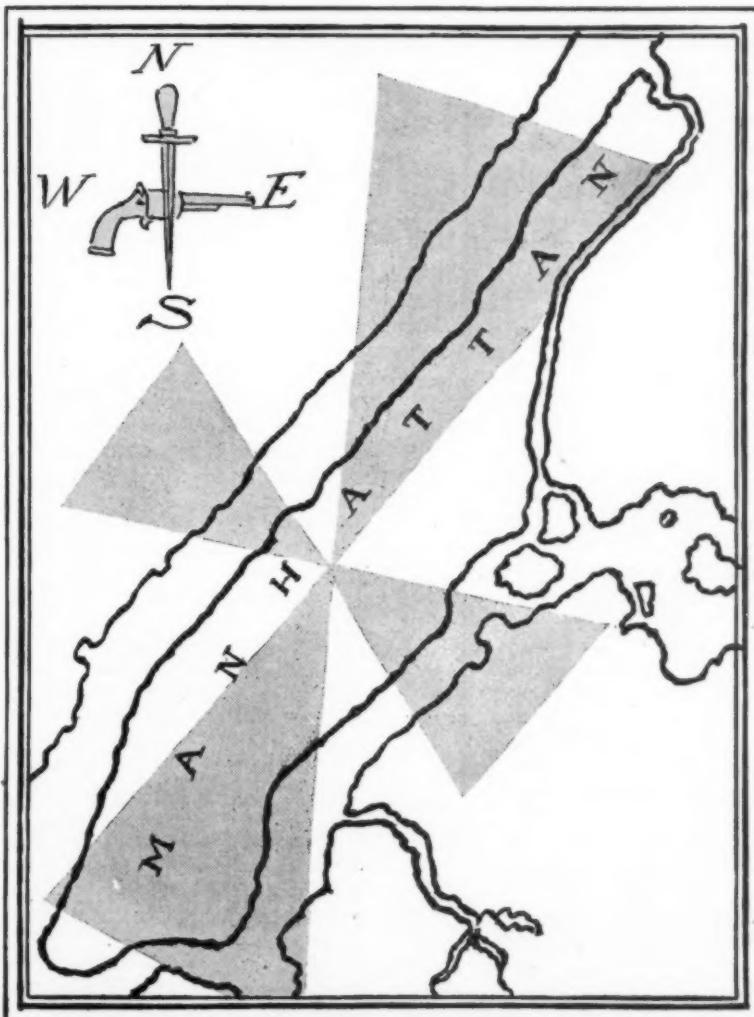
The Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and his daughter in good, clean fun, if that's what you want.

Topics of 1923. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook in a good revue.

Wildflower. *Casino*—A splendid score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—It doesn't make any difference whether they are good or not. You can't get seats.





CHESTERTON says somewhere that good taste is the last and vilest of human superstitions. If he means what I think he does, I don't agree with him, but I am sure that his arresting statement holds good for accuracy. The petitfoggers who fly up brandishing facts and unimportant details the minute a writer of parts takes history for his temporary province are indeed a weariness to the spirit. It is so much more important to be interesting, so long as general trends remain unimpaired, than it is to be accurate. Your grocer's bill is the only literature in which accuracy is an essential.

All this is by way of a boost for Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "The Story of the Bible" (Boni & Liveright), against which the only criticism I have heard or read is that the author takes a little liberty with facts. I am not in a position to say whether or not these carpers are even correct, but if they are, what difference does it make? When a forest cannot be seen because of the trees, out with the axe! Mr. Van Loon wrote the story of the Bible as he wanted his own two boys to know it, and the narrative serves the general as well as the particular. Adults with weak memories and poor assimilative faculties can also profit from it. Not all of us are as well versed in the Bible as we imagine. Who drove the nail through the warrior's head?

WHEN the gods arrive, the half-gods go. Also adjectives. If I were to express my full and honest opinion of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry, the locution "simply swell" would serve me better than the choicest

academic English. And there's this much to be said for it: that popular lay figure known as the man in the street would understand me. He might even

her work in their wallets, and frivolous women who haven't read a line of poetry since they left Farmington have gazed steadily into the fire and sub-

scribed audibly to the truth of her reflections and the magic of her expression.

If you are unacquainted with Miss Millay's verse, go right out now and get "Renaissance" and "Second April" and read them through, the shorter poems first. Then you will be properly worked up for the new one, "The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems" (Harper), the title poem of which won the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1922. The sonnets are—but why should I go on about them when you're going to read them for yourself?



The Long Distance Train Talker

OF all the tribe who circumscribe
The outlines of New York,
The leather cross goes to the loss
Whose one idea is talk.

No smoke barrage nor camouflage
Nor simulated snooze,
Nor manner rude nor glances glued
Upon the morning news.

Nor quick retreat nor crowded seat
Nor anything avails
To keep him still or check the rill
Of his unending tales.

Perched by my side he hits his stride
With unrelenting speed,
The while I sigh to think that I
May neither run nor read.

George S. Chappell.

be moved to start for a bookshop. Which is the point, because he's just the person to whom I should like to introduce Miss Millay. He would grasp her as readily as—well, let us, for want of a better term, say as William Lyon Phelps grasps her. Strong men in the steel business have been known to carry clippings from

"LAZY LAUGHTER," by Woodward Boyd (Scribner), starts out beautifully and then falls flat. So flat that the reader cannot bear it. How can a writer capable of the irony and satire which play over the first part of the book degenerate into anything so dull as the second?

The story is extremely modern and concerns a Middle Western exponent of the younger generation. Her name is *Dagmar*, and the author informs the world parenthetically that in the Middle West this name is pronounced as it is spelled. (So, I can authoritatively assure you, is John.) Her ability to day-dream is one of the book's most entertaining features, and it's too bad that she is unable in word and deed to match her flights of fancy, because she is really a nice girl. She tries so hard to make good on her own in Chicago, but the trappings of this world plus a heritage of the family laziness

(Continued on page 27)



SKIPPY WEATHERS THE COLDEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR

Photographing the Great

IT is one of the delights, or discomforts, of greatness that it is photographed every day, and twice a day on special occasions. The craving of the public for new photographs of the great is uncontrollable. A picture taken day before yesterday is as out of date as a map of Europe printed year before last. The Kaiser, when he was the Kaiser, spent all his time being photographed in the uniform of a conqueror, and wearing his best viking expression, for the indulgence of his enraptured subjects.

The great are very particular about expression. They are photographed, like actors, "in character." Mussolini, who is keeping the Italian cameras hard at work, is always "the strong man of Italy." At times there is such concentrated strength in every line of his face that it looks incapable of relaxation. One wonders if he has slack moments when his lips are not set, and his eyes are not piercing, and only the wife of his bosom is permitted to gaze at his reposeful and uncompelling countenance.

President Coolidge presents the same general characteristics, modified as befits an American whose powers are constitutional, and dependent on the will of the people. He is always the man of action, the man of the moment, with bent brows, firmly closed mouth, and a general air of putting things resolutely through. By the side of this stern competence, the broad, benignant smiles of Mr. Taft, the broad, oppressively humorous smiles of Mr. Lloyd George (nobody could be so humorous as Mr. George looks), the broad, effulgent smiles of Mr. Bryan, seem to belong to

heydays and holidays. They have nothing in common with greatness at its appointed task.

An English novelist has expressed a sort of wondering delight at the photographs of American financiers, "eagle-faced gentlemen with intimidatingly firm mouths and chins." Something must be done to financial chins in the secrecy of the photographic studio. When, as occasionally happens, we are permitted to gaze at a captain of industry in the theatre, or at a public dinner, his chin seems as the chins of other men. But his picture, when seen in supplements of Sunday papers, or in a magazine article on "Master Builders of American Commerce," is always true to type, and possesses the kind of chin associated intimately with millions.

Agnes Repplier.

The Contrast

SNOW, up to the hubs of the wheels, made the going hard. "Whatever possessed you," they asked him, "to bring out your car to such impassable drifts?"

The motorist laughed happily.

"Why, this isn't anything," he said. "We're bowling along beautifully. You've never been over this road of a summer Sunday, have you?"

And at once they were all sympathy.

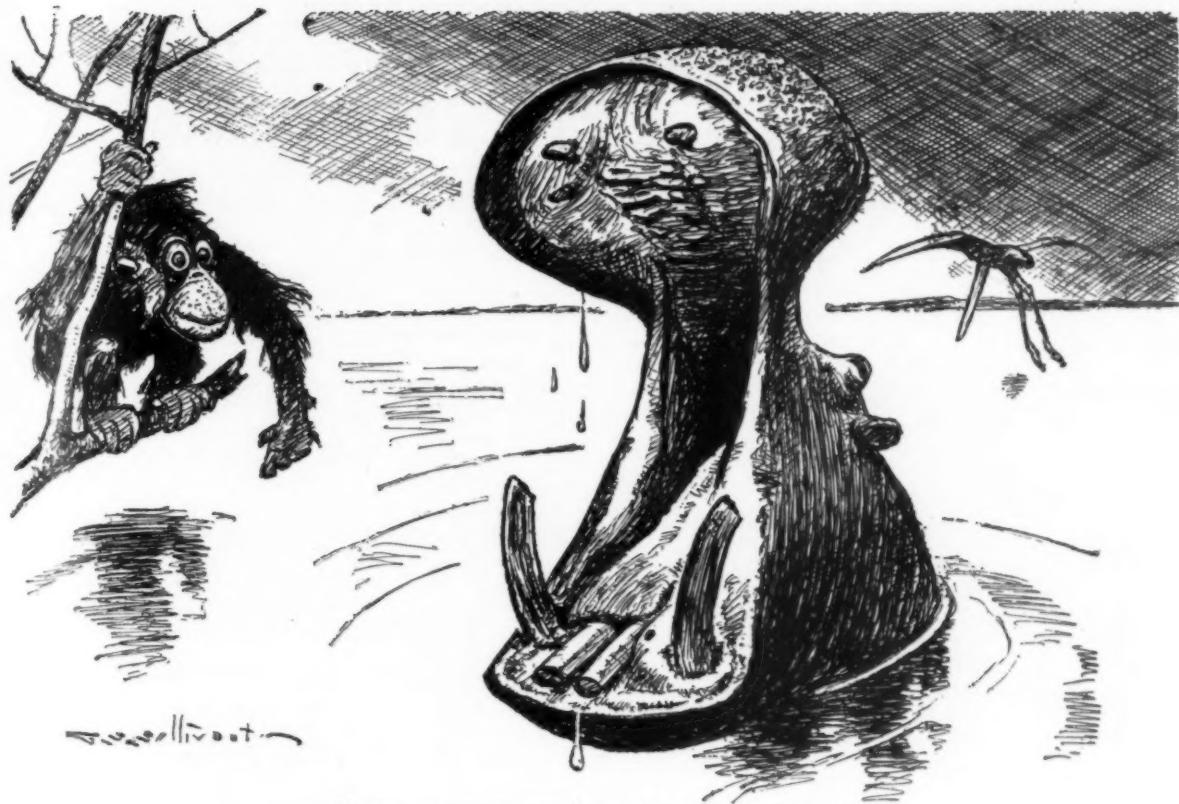
CRAWFORD: What do you think of wireless?

CRABSHAW: Wonderful invention. When the paper comes my wife is satisfied with the radio supplement.



"I'D BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A LIFT, MA'AM—IF YOU'RE GOING MY WAY."

"OH! THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR, BUT I WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO THINK I WAS ONE OF THOSE AWFUL HIKERS."



Monkey: I WONDER IF HE'S HUNGRY OR JUST YAWNING.

From the Top of a Bus

I AM always seeing diverting sights from the top of a bus. Hotels, restaurants, art galleries, department stores, tenements, mansions, shop windows that display all varieties of wonders....

I see a young man and a young woman talking to each other on a street corner, and another young woman almost falling out of a taxicab in the act of looking at them.

I see a small child staring spellbound at a policeman, while its nurse ogles a chauffeur.

I see men in overcoats that barely reach the waist, and men in overcoats that almost touch the ground.

I see women in furs and patent-leather pumps, and women in shawls and mud-covered shoes.

I see myriads of faces—pale, anæmic faces; florid, bloated faces; round faces; square faces; faces that wear their owners' histories stamped upon them....

In the window of a club I see an old man who gazes reflectively and longingly into the distant past.

Charles G. Shaw.

Girls Will Be Girls

FIFTH AVENUE: He said . . . and I said . . .

Avenue A: He sez . . . and I sez . . .

Harlem: He done say . . . an' Ah says . . .

MOST lamb is sheep at any price, while venison, on the other hand, is always deer.

ANYWAY, Zangwill isn't the kind of person who goes around saying nice things about you behind your back.



HE BURNED HIS BRITCHES BEHIND HIM.



Another Christmas in Hollywood



HE Old Extra sadly scraped the last remnants of what had been a "Special To-day—Beef Stew, 30c" from the bowl on the counter before him, paid for his brief meal, and wandered out into the night.

It was Christmas Eve, and it was raining (although the weather report in the *Examiner* had expressly predicted "Fair and Warmer"; but then, he reflected, it's always fair weather in the Los Angeles press). It was undoubtedly raining, and the pendent leaves of the pepper trees dripped little cold drops of water on the beard that earned for its grower \$7.50 a day during the open season on Northwest melodramas.

He trudged through the damp darkness to the stucco residence on Talmadge Terrace, where he shared a room with another extra, who, because he owned a dress suit, could earn \$10 a day fairly regularly throughout the year. This opulent fellow had been able to afford a trip home to Iowa for the holidays.

So the Old Extra was alone in his limited apartment. He prepared himself for the night, hung up his clothes to dry, and retired silently—taking to bed with him a copy of *Camera!* that he might learn of the pictures contemplated for production and the possible chances for employment.

LONG years before the discovery of this strange new art of cinematography, the Old Extra had been an adornment on the speaking stage. His feet, now weary from continual contact with the well-paved boulevards of Hollywood, had once trod the noble boards of the Academy of Music in New York. He had known the great men of the theatre—Booth, Mansfield, Wallack, Daly—and had carried spears with the best of them.

So, as he turned the pages of the trade paper which carried all the up-to-the-minute news of studio-land, he

mused upon the dear, dead days when Christmas *was* Christmas—in the true Dickensian sense. (The Old Extra knew Dickens: he had once impersonated the off-stage "thump" with which *Bill* murders *Nancy* in "Oliver Twist.")

As his fancy roved about aimlessly through the unkempt trails of yesterday, he waxed sorrowful. He could not help noting the inevitably unhappy comparisons between Then and Now. Thirty years before, he had rubbed shoulders with immortals—he had heard Ellen Terry say, "The quality of mercy is not strained." Now, the most beautiful sound that could fall upon his ear was the voice of the casting director announcing, "Yes, we can use you to-day."

Whither was he drifting? Where, on his arrival at any given point, would he be? And in what circumstances? He had vowed, when still a mere stripling, to consecrate his career to the worship of Art. For many golden years he had fulfilled this youthful promise. And now he was an extra in Hollywood; what is more, he wasn't much of an extra, as extras go. Was not life, after all, a futile mockery?

THESE troubled ruminations were interrupted suddenly and unceremoniously by a sharp knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the Old Extra, disguising his voice as best he might, for he had no desire to enter into conference with his landlady. But, strangely enough, his shrill question was answered by no spoken words—not even by an attempt to open the door. Indeed, the door did not move at all. Mysteriously, unaccountably, there was some one in the room.

The Old Extra, because he had not always lived in California, recognized that his vague visitor was none other than Santa Claus himself. And yet, it wasn't quite Santa Claus; for behind the obviously false beard and the grotesquely padded paunch lurked the face and form of Will H. Hays.

"Come with me," commanded the ap-

parition, gently; and the Old Extra, true to the best Dickens tradition, arose from his narrow bed and followed.

AS they flew breathlessly over the orcharded valleys of California, across the peaks (snow-clad) of the Sierras, the Spirit of Christmas turned to the Old Extra and whispered: "You have doubted this night that you were fulfilling the highest possible mission in the World of Things-as-They-Might-Never-Have-Been-If-They-Hadn't-Been-Otherwise. You have expressed lack of faith in the mighty force that feeds you. I shall restore you to the true belief."

In the space of seconds, they had reached the pinnacled roofs of New York and were volplaning to earth at a point which must have been about Fourteenth Street.

"Look!" said Santa Claus Hays, and pointed to a building that was a mass of glittering electric signs. The Old Extra read the brilliant legend on the wall: "WILLIAM FOX'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC—PHOTOPLAYS DE LUXE." He gasped.

"But that's where I used to . . ." "Never mind," said the Spirit, and whisked him away to the other side of the world—to a strange land that was unmistakably tropical (not *semi-tropical*, like Southern California). A large group of dusky youths and maidens, clad lightly in gaudy raiment, were flocking into a low, rambling structure. Following the crowd inside, the Old Extra was surprised to observe that a motion picture was in progress.

On the screen he could see an unnecessarily handsome young man, with enameled face and the uniform of a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman. The fellow walked to the brink of a lofty precipice and gazed out soulfully across the mighty panorama of nature that stretched before him. Behind him appeared four burly villains, creeping stealthily, advancing toward him with

(Continued on page 30)

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.

CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.

DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.

ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.

BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

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1. You must, in all dealings with guests or fellow-employees, practice the golden rule, and treat him as you would like to be treated if your positions were reversed.

2. You must, in every case, satisfy the guest whom you are serving—or, if you cannot do so, when you have gone to the limit of your authority, you must refer the case immediately to your superior.

3. You must follow the spirit as well as the letter of your detailed instructions, as contained in the

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So, with the duties and responsibilities of employees defined as well and as plainly as they are in this organization, this company is undertaking to go a step further than it—or any hotel—has heretofore gone, and publish here and elsewhere this formal

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From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

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Frank J. Statler

Hotel Statler, BUFFALO



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HOTELS



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Hotel Pennsylvania, NEW YORK



Our Literary Ladies

GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL: In our day, what were women doing, sir? Thinking unutterable thoughts about us! Nowadays what are they doing? Thinking unprintable ones—and damme, they print 'em!

—Will Dyson, in *The London Mercury*.

Mixed Smoking

CONDUCTOR: This is a smoking car, madam.

YOUNG LADY: Oh, good! Have you a match?—*New York World*.

LONDON BUS DRIVER (*to Japanese gentleman crossing Regent Street*): Nah then, Mah Jong, get a move on!

—*London Daily News*.

FOUND on a college examination paper: "Medusa was one of the Grogans."

—*Christian Register*.



THE INCONSTANT MOON

"SEE, MY BELOVED, MY SHINING TALENT WILL BREAK THROUGH OBSCURITY AS THROUGH THE CLOUDS YON FULL AND RADIANT MOON—CONFFOUND IT! IT'S ONLY IN THE FIRST QUARTER!"

—*Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich).

Conversazione

During a lull in business one shoeshine artist who could read English was explaining to his companion the pictures on the illustrated page of a newspaper. One of the pictures showed a cat which was mothering several young rats.

"Itsa cat anda da rat, and da cat raisea da rat."

"Raise um up?"

"No. Raise um down. Da cat likea da rat."

"Likea eat a da rat?"

"No. Da rat no fraida da cat."

"Why da rat no fraida da cat?"

"Because da cat no bitea da rat."

"Da cat lovea da rat?"

"She thinka a da world of them."

"Thinka a da earth?"

"Thinka a da world."

"Whatsa diff? Earth a da world; world a da earth?"

The entrance of another customer put an end to the argument, which might otherwise have continued indefinitely.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

"Wot's going on over there?"

"A golden wedding."

"Curse these capitalists!"—*Humorist*.

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gold, silver,
and plain ends.

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A common-sense evidence—on quality
A footwear—that the shoes are made for
the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks*.

Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing
hooks.

Insist on having what you want!



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 20)

are too much for her, so she gives up her young sweetheart without much ado, and returns to her worldly mother and elderly suitor in St. Paul. There's realism for you.

Miss Boyd herself is a little like her heroine. "Lazy Laughter" would have been a great book if she hadn't weakened. I've an idea, however, that she will pull off something pretty good one of these days. She has the touch I like.

THE jacket of "The Terms of Conquest," by Howard Vincent O'Brien (Little, Brown), reads "A fascinating narrative of ambition, youthful revolt against parental guidance, marriage, romantic love, courage and honesty unbeaten by life's bitterest trials." After pausing a second to reflect how much happier the blurb writer's lot is than the reviewer's, I picked up the book at my own risk and read along simply because the opening conversation took place in the summer of 1892 and it struck me that a novel written in modern times and not laid in them would be genuinely refreshing. I still have a small cap with a band bearing the legend "McKinley and Hobart," and there are moments when memory sentimentalizes my better judgment.

"The Terms of Conquest" is about a country boy who hitches his wagon to a star and manages to keep the star from shooting. The reader knows from the outset that the hero will succeed from the fact that he almost breaks down when somebody lends him a copy of Plutarch's Lives. As early as page 82 he is saying: "Poverty like that isn't an accident—it's somebody's crime!" which frightened me into thinking the whole thing was going to turn into socialist propaganda any minute, but it doesn't. I survived several similar subsequent shocks, and am able to tell you that the hero's last words—you can believe it or not, but I quote verbatim—are, "I'm only forty-five, and I've got my health."

E. M. DELAFIELD, ever since "The Heel of Achilles," has been one of my favorite novelists. Her new one is "A Reversion to Type" (Macmillan), and her skill in characterization leaps out at you again, although the story this time amounts to little. I recommend it, nevertheless. I don't believe she could be dull.

"THE LIGHT GUITAR," by Arthur Guiterman (Harper), is a pleasant collection of characteristic verse, some of which has appeared in LIFE.

Diana Warwick.



One Beauty

Prettier teeth—easily attained

Just combat the film

There is a way to prettier teeth. Many of your friends employ it. You see the results wherever you look today.

Dentists everywhere advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations use it now. A ten-day test to show you what it does is offered for the asking.

Don't you think that you and yours should learn what millions now know?

That cloud is film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. Despite all brushing, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, forming dingy coats. Then teeth lose their luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats film. So coated teeth and tooth trouble became almost universal.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Better methods now

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film, the other to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. The use has now spread the world over, largely by dental advice. To people of every clime it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Pepsodent does other things essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That digests the starch deposits which may otherwise form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test will tell

You can prove these things by a simple test, and that test will delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will want these results when you know them. Cut out coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 1319

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 503, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Wee Books for Wee Folks



To those parents of little children in the very morning of life, Altemus' Wee Books come as a positive blessing. These stories deal with familiar animals, fairies and simple incidents, and are illustrated lavishly in colors. "The Four Little Pigs That Didn't Have Any Mother," for instance, has a few words of text on each left-hand page, and, opposite it, an appropriate illustration. This arrangement holds the attention of the child while the mother is reading aloud the text. As the other volumes of the Wee Books are printed on a somewhat similar plan, the whole may be commended to parents of children between three and seven years of age.

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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



How It Is Done

"Suppose," queries the blurbist of a bit of new fiction, "you were facing bankruptcy. How would you tell your wife about it?"

Well, we should say, as we do about the first of every month: "Darling, I am facing bankruptcy." And she would say, in the customary patient tone of voice: "I'm sure I haven't been spending much money on the house."

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Evidently a Klansman

In a recent examination conducted by the civil service for a helper in the chemical department the following question was asked: "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

And this was the unexpected reply on one paper: "Rabies are Jewish priests and I wouldn't do a darn thing for them."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

The Altruist

MISTRESS (to maid who has been to the dentist): How many did he take out, Mary?

MARY: Three, 'm; and if you'd seen what trouble he had with one of them you'd have pitied him.—*Punch*.

MOTHER: Edward! Edward! What are you doing to Willie?

EDWARD: We're playing house-cleaning, and Willie said he'd be the carpet if I'd do the work.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Revived

One of the stories that the late James Payne liked to tell was about what he called an American duel, wherein two duelists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself.

A. was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. B. and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes.

At last the pistol was heard, and they were shuddering with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: "Missed, by heaven!"—*Argonaut*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Social Conscience

Our small daughter, aged five, saw Queen Mary in London. She reported to us later: "She bowed right at me, and I forgot to bow or make my curtsey. Oh, Daddy, what will she think of me! What will she think of me!"

—*New York Tribune*.

The Comedy Four

"What is it that has eight legs and sings three times a day?" is the latest conundrum heard along Broadway.

The answer: "A quartet playing small-time vaudeville."

—*New York Evening Mail*.

SMITH: Yes, I'm engaged to be married, and I've only known the girl two days.

JONES: What folly!

SMITH: Ziegfeld's.

—*American Legion Weekly*.



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Getting the Presidential Message Ready

AN EMINENT PERSONAGE: "How are those stenographers getting along with that message stuff, Bascom?"

"Nearly completed, sir. Only 50,000 words more to copy."

"Have you got in that declaration for harmony between capital and labor?"

"It's all in, and it reads well to both sides."

"And the part pointing out how prosperous our manufacturers are with high prices due to the tariff?"

"A masterpiece that ought to make next year's campaign funds come easily."

"How does the protest against the farmers' foolish notion that Congress should do something to put up the price of wheat strike you?"

"Simply great, especially where you say that Congress cannot advance prices by legislation."

"Has the recommendation of the Bankers' Association that appointments to the Federal Reserve Board should not be subject to confirmation by the Senate been included?"

"It's there, and an expression of sympathy for borrowers who have to pay high interest rates."

"I suppose I'll have to say something in favor of voting subsidies to steamship owners?"

"Naturally, and wind up with the strongest kind of a denunciation of class legislation. That'll get you the solid consumers' vote."

W. G.

The Dinner Hostess

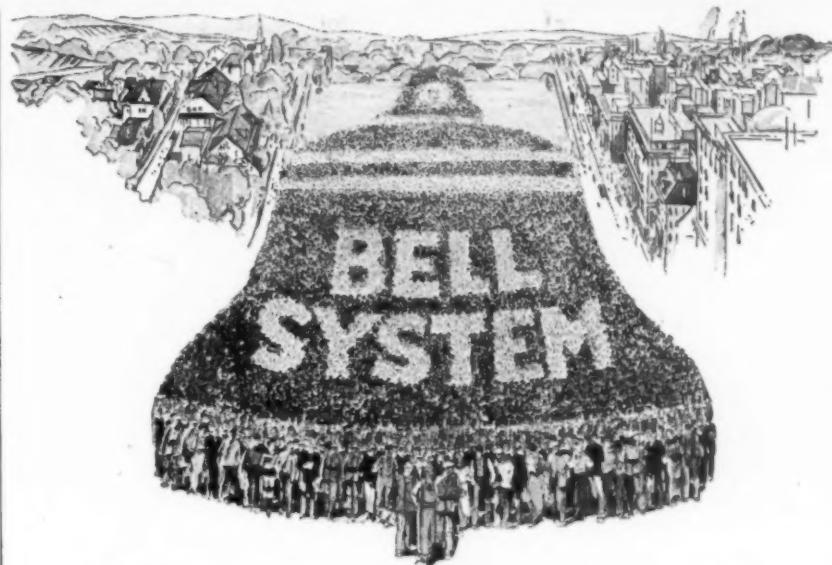
HER most telling speeches are: "Good evening, it's so nice to see you," and "I'm so sorry you must be going."

She is full of beaming smiles and acquiescent nods.

Although she has been giving dinner parties on an average of three a week for the last goodness knows how many years, there is always a confusion among the guests at being seated.

She invariably places her latest acquaintances next to herself.

Every so often she takes her guests



Giving the Telephone Life

Wherever your thought goes your voice may go. You can talk across the continent as if face to face. Your telephone is the latch to open for you any door in the land.

There is the web of wires. The many switchboards. The maze of apparatus. The millions of telephones. All are parts of a country-wide mechanism for far-speaking. The equipment has cost over 2 billion dollars, but more than equipment is needed.

There must be the guardians of the wires to keep them vital with speech-carrying electrical currents. There must be those who watch the myriads of tiny switchboard lights and answer your commands. There must be technicians of every sort to construct, repair and operate.

A quarter of a million men and women are united to give nation-wide telephone service. With their brains and hands they make the Bell System live.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*, "SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"

Memo. for Gift List—Subscription—Safe Choice,
Ensures A Merry Christmas to All

Christmas Offer:

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60).
Send LIFE for one year to



"Open Sesame" is out of date

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York
PL

With
Christmas Card
from

to the theatre, the party arriving about the middle of the second act.

She is invariably discovering some new kind of mustard, coffee, salad dressing or fortune teller.

Her dinners are all strangely alike, and are a constant source of worry to a certain one.

That one is the host.

The Shark

TOM: That fellow is a remarkable poker player.

DICK: I've had my suspicions, too.



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Tuberculosis
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Christmas
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Unruly Hair

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Leaves hair soft and lustrous.

Excellent after a shampoo.

Insist on STACOMB—the original—in black and yellow package. At all drug counters.

Tubes—35c
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Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.
750 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Dept. 3-1.
Please send me free trial tube.

Name _____

Address _____

Another Christmas in Hollywood

(Continued from page 24)

the evil glint of destruction in their eyes.

The audience, in a strange, musical tongue, shrieked warnings to the handsome young Mounted Policeman, but he could not hear—because the silent drama is deaf as well as dumb. Suddenly one of the four villains sprang toward his prey. . . . The audience screamed.

"Look," commanded once more the Spirit of Christmas.

The Old Extra peered curiously at the screen. "My God!" he shouted, "that villain . . . it's me!"

But he could see no more. He had been carried to a small Iowa town, buried deep in snowdrifts.

"Step in here," said the Spirit, indicating an impressive Greek temple which was marked "Women's Club." The Old Extra obeyed, and found himself within an auditorium that was packed to the point of suffocation with excited people. A sombre gentleman in clerical costume was making a speech.

"And so," he was saying, "I feel that we can symbolize the spirit of this day no more effectively than by welcoming home, to the bosom of his loving family and loyal friends, this talented son of old Murfeesburgh, who has done so much to spread the name and fame of his native community by means of his splendid exploits on the silver screen. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Wilbur Stevenson Carp."

Amid a riotous storm of applause there stepped to the front of the platform the Old Extra's blushing roommate, wearing the dress suit that was both his pride and his sole means of support.

CHRISTMAS Day dawned, and the Old Extra awoke to a world that was almost as bright and balmy as the Los Angeles papers said it was. With a start, he realized the room about him; the clothes hung carefully in the curtained wardrobe, the autographed portrait of Agnes Ayres beside the mirror.

With a whoop he sprang from his bed, leaped into his slightly moist garments, and dashed downstairs, shouting to his startled landlady as he went:

"A Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year! Bigger and Better Pictures! God Bless You, God Bless Will Hays, God Bless Us One and All—and let us remember that it isn't a one-man job!"

With gladness and good-will in his heart, he fairly raced along Santa Monica Boulevard to Pedro's Mexican Cafeteria, where he happily ordered a big, juicy, Christmassy bowl of beef stew.

Robert E. Sherwood.

A Gift of Distinction

Beauty Monogram Auto Signal

A tail lamp and stop signal combined, including an illuminated interchangeable name or monogram of automobile.

CAN be installed on any car in a few minutes and without any alterations to the car. Full directions are enclosed in box.

In ordering
mention make
of your car.

Order
Today!

Price com-
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Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

Our Future Specialists

We are gradually getting this living proposition down to a pretty fine point; slowly we are getting organized. We have not yet completed our cataloguing and pigeonholing, but we have gone far enough to see a few of the inevitabilities of the future.

Take the advertising businesses, for instance: they are about the only concerns in America whose names are not "before the public." We shall have to have people who advertise the advertising businesses.

The situation of professional golfers is another random example. They now find themselves overrun with ambitious dubbers, and the only way out of the difficulty will be to specialize. We shall have such men as Duncan McCut, "Hook and Slice Expert," and Angus MacDivot, "Looking-up Specialist." The leading professionals will then merely examine you and send you to the proper doctor.

And the present idea of having only one information bureau in a place like the Grand Central Station is on the face of it absurd. There will have to be information booths for special kinds of questions; one will be labeled, "Ticket Questions"; another, "Train Questions"; others, "Track Questions," "Foolish Questions," and so forth. The central bureau will then merely give you the information where you may find the answer to your question.

There are countless other examples of what I mean; you may figure them out for yourself. We have made some progress in getting organized, but not until this future time shall we be able to say with any truthfulness that we are "ready for business."

B. F.

THE *Lif*e CALENDAR

THE "powers that be" ruled that there should be no more LIFE Calendars. But the office boy decided that he needed some for Christmas presents.

He went after the subscription department with the argument that a large number of subscribers depended on them for the same purpose.

He began whispering around the advertising department—he dropped a few honeyed words of flattery to the art department—he persuaded the accounting department to pass the bills and—

Well, we have another LIFE Calendar—6 splendid colored plates, beautifully printed on fine card stock—for \$1.00.

This Calendar will be sold only by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue
New York

Milo

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100 gold-tipped~
delicately scented
cigarettes in a~ \$2.50
handsome box

Exquisite Package
of Ten - 25¢

Tobacco Products Corporation, New York.

Stamp out
Tuberculosis
with
Christmas
Seals



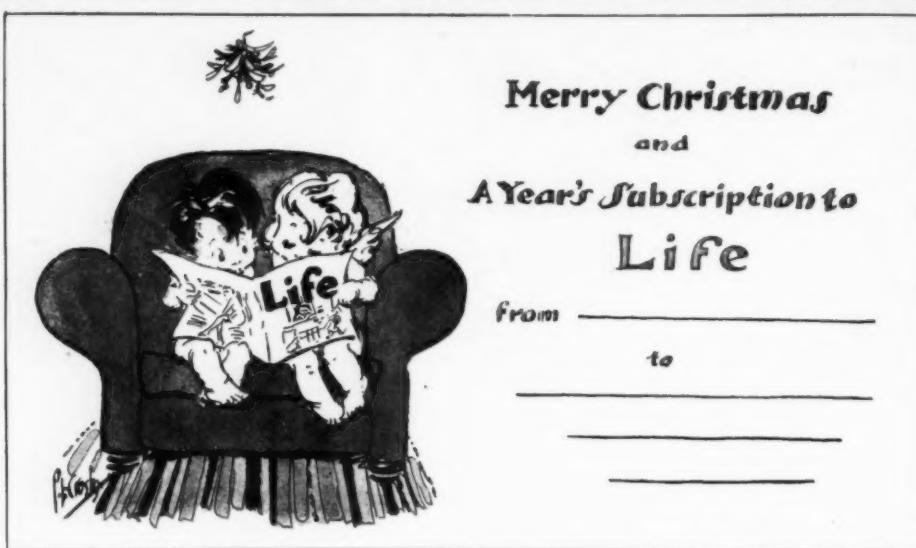
Books Received

Croatian, by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown).
The Beloved Pawn, by Harold Titus (Doubleday, Page).
Myself Not Least, by "X" (Holt).
Luther Nichols, by Mary S. Watts (Macmillan).
Uncanny Stories, by May Sinclair (Macmillan).
Fantastica, by Robert Nichols (Macmillan).
Memories of the Russian Court, by Anna Vronskova (Macmillan).
Visions and Interpretations, by Bruce Moore (Putnam).
The Epic of Golf, by Clinton Scollard. (Houghton Mifflin.)
Wandering in Northern China, by Harry A. Franc (Century).
The Russian Soviet Republic, 1918-1922, by Edward Alsworth Ross (Century).
Freedom and the College, by Alexander Meiklejohn (Century).
The Out Trail, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran).
Jane Adair, by Isabel Hawley Scott (Revell).
Memories of an Active Life, by Charles R. Flint (Putnam).
Labyrinth, by Helen R. Hull (Macmillan).
Land and Sea Tales for Boys and Girls, by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Page).
Head Winds, by A. M. Sinclair Wilt (Dufield).

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ONE YOU TRY IT ON, WHICH CAN
NOT BE SAID OF ALL CARD TRICKS]

It's very simple—you can do it with no practice at all.

First—you think of some friend who should have a real remembrance from you this hollyday season.

Next—you write the name and address on the coupon at the bottom of this page, placing the result in an envelope, together with a \$5 bill (or check, or even postal order, so long as it stands for U.S. money) for every name and address.

Then—if you mark the envelope for us, and put a stamp on it, and mail it, we will get it, won't we, Mr. Postmaster General? And your friend will get, come Christmas morning, one of those cute Crosby cards shown at top of page, announcing that the recipient is going to have all the fun in LIFE for 1924, thanks to you. In which we join.

You're welcome—to Obey That Impulse at any time!

Life

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to be sent in my name.

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for one year to

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